

3-4-1907

Letter from Ruby Willis, Wellesley, Massachusetts,
to Dr. and Mrs. William H. Willis, Reading,
Massachusetts, 1907 March 4

Ruby Willis

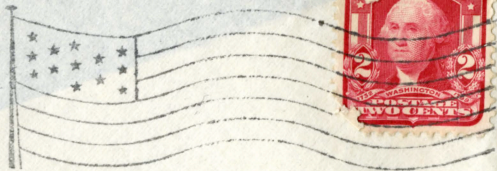
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Dr. and Mrs. William H. Willis,

Reading,

Massachusetts.

Margery
W. L. C.

M
W



Mar. 4, 1907.

My dear ones at home, -

I meant to write to you in the middle of the week but I was so busy that I had to let it go. The time is so full now that I don't know which way to turn, for beside the regular academic work, there are hosts of lectures, concerts, and those sort of things that I want to go to. To-night the Symphony Quartette is to give a concert, so I've got to get my work done before night.

I've been quite a sport this week;

I've been out to dinner three nights or rather three times. Yesterday ^{Sunday} I went to dinner with Katherine Scott. I had a very pleasant time, but I'm mighty glad I didn't have to spend my freshman year in any such "eating-house". We stayed there until about three o'clock, and then went back to Katherine's room. Then I went over to call on Edith Proctor, and went back to a tea at Eleanor Perry's. By this time it was 5 o'clock, and so I came home.

In the evening I went to chapel, and have wished ever since that I hadn't gone. Do you remember the Rev. Mr. Puddefoot, mamma? He is a home missionary, and I remember that he

has preached at home. Well, I think he's simply the limit. He told a lot of coarse, vulgar stories about the western frontiersmen and about the immigrants, and kept the audience doubled up laughing. I think he would have been bad enough at any time, but to have such a farce in our beautiful chapel was almost more than I could stand. It's several years since he has been here, and I guess it will be many years before he is invited to come again. Of course, about as many people thought he was "simply fine" as thought he was terrible; it's so about almost any minister or speaker we have here.

Thursday I may go in to Marion Eaton's to lunch⁴, to spend the afternoon; she's going to telephone to me before Thursday. I don't know when I shall get over to Mrs. Fiske's, but I hope to go some time this week.

My beloved Greek teacher, Miss Edwards, has sent out cards for "at homes" on Thursday in March, and so one Thurs. I want to go to her tea. O, you know Miss Vivian, my Math. teacher last year, who is in Constantinople this year? Well, Miss Chapin has long letters from her, and the other day she asked me if I



would like to hear her last letter. Of course I was crazy to, and I went into Miss Chapin's room and she read me the most interesting letter. It was a cold, cold afternoon, while Miss Vivian's letter told of picking great bunches of violets and seeing almond-trees in bloom, and riding horse-back. It was quite a contrast I can tell you.

Well, I think I must close this stupid letter now; I don't know why I can't seem to write anything interesting this morning, for almost

every minute of my time has been full this week, but I can't seem to. Margery's letter was most entertaining, and I will try to answer it some-time this week. Thank you for writing in the middle of the week, mamma dear; it is splendid to get letters and I don't get very many, for I haven't the time to write many.

Do you people realize how near spring vacation is? Just three weeks from next Friday! Does it seem possible? I don't like to ~~atoh~~ think how my sophomore year is slipping away, for I am enjoying it so much. Well, good-bye for now, with love to all from Ruby.